MAC[illegible]

DOGGE

[illegible] Muse where [illegible]
[illegible] thy selfe from [illegible]
That longs to heare [illegible]
That Sorrow set [illegible]
Where tyred spirits, [illegible]
Finde how the Deuil [illegible]

Doest thou not see except [illegible]
How life hath lost [illegible]
And wisdomes [illegible]
Where Machauillians [illegible]
And Tigres, [illegible] wol[illegible]
Reganne the world in [illegible]

Say with good [illegible]
[illegible]

Study no termes of stayned Eloquence,
But speake as plainely, as a paued floore:
Giue pride the height of sinnes prehemінence:
And bid the Pander keepe the Lechers doore:
And let the flatterer bee the Slingthrifts guest,
And locke the Misers heart vp in his chest.

Brissell thy selfe vp at a beastly slaue,
That cares for nothing, but to feede on fat:
And cast a leere at such a lurking knaue,
As pries about thee like a prowling Cat:
And if the Foxe come neere thy Chickens penne,
Runne at the Roague, and courle him to his denne.

But if thou chance to [illegible] the Lyon roare,
Lie downe and cowch, there is no looking out:
But if thou meetst a Bull or a wilde Bore,
Beware the horne, and come not neere the snowte:
For other Cattell, horse, or Mare, or Asse,
Come not too neere their heeles, and let them passe.

Be plaine and honest, doe not sweare and lie,
Nor complement with cappe, and crouch and knee,
Nor like a Baby runne away and crie,
For feare to looke vpon a Humble Bee:
[illegible] neither hote nor colde.

Doe not perſwade a foule ill fauourd ſlut:
Shee is as fayre as *Venus* forehead cloth:
Nor ſtand to teach a Sparrow to keepe Cut:
Nor dwell all day vpon a diſh of broth:
But doe thy buſineſſe that thou art about,
And when tis midnight put the candle out.

Stand, ſtrut and ſtout, and doe not wagge the tayle
At euery fillip of a fidling friend,
Barke at a Cowe that kicketh downe her paile,
And make no banquet of a puddings end:
Call not a knaue a knight, nor clowne a king,
In rules of reaſon, tis a raſcall thing.

For birdes, let not the Crane picke out thine eyes,
Nor let the Parat teach thee how to prate:
Nor fill thy paunch too full of Woodcockes pies,
Nor let Madge Howlat make thee watch too late:
Nor let the Cuckoe teach thee how to ſing,
Nor with the Buzard, make too low a wing.

For Fiſhes doe not ſwallow like the Whale,
Nor like a Crewfish creepe into a hole:
Learne of the Dolphin how to keepe his ſcale,
But doe not [illegible] among the Herrings ſhole:

But whether runneſt thou Counter with thy ſent,
Backe take the wind, and beat it out againe:
The Hare is gone, thou knoweſt not where ſhee went,
Liſt, how the hounds doe plie it on the plaine,
Well fare the kennell makes the merry eye,
Hah, good olde *Tyte*, tis pitty thou ſhouldſt die.

But leave this hunting, let vs fall to play
At Cardes or Dice, or ſome ſuch prety ſport,
With merrey trickes to paſſe the time away.
While idle ſpirits doe but ſnug and ſnort,
But ſo, that in the end we may finde out,
How Gamſters bring their golden world about.

Take vp the Cardes, and giue the Coates their places,
Honour the Kings, bee ſubiect to their ſwordes,
Bow to the *Queenes*, doe reuerence to their Graces,
But vſe the Knaues, but as the time affoordes:
Where, though the knaue of Clubs be calde the chiefe,
An other knaue may be as cloſe a thiefe.

Sort out the ſuites, together lay the Trickes,
Note a Bumcarde, and how to ſtoppe at neede,
The Harts are ſpotted, Dimonds are but prickes,
His time ill ſpent, that happens beſt to ſpeed.
The Spades are broken, and the Clubbes are rotten,
[illegible] by the ſmall Cardes [illegible]

But what shall bee our game? Primero? Gleeke?
Or one and thirty, Bone ace, or new Cut,
Or Mawe, or Ruffe, or Trumpe, what doe you leeke?
Or Poſt and Paire, or put and vnder put:
All one to me, no Carde can come acroſſe:
Who hath no money, hath no feare of loſſe.

But let vs thinke vpon a gallant game,
Primero? yea, there let vs ſet our reſt:
Prime in his nature hath a Princely name:
And *Hero* beares his honour with the beſt,
Oh royall grounds that ſuch a game begunne,
Bleſt be the Fathers chriſtende ſuch a ſonne.

But it is coſtly to apply this play?
A good aduenture ſhewes no idle vaine:
For when the ſtake is at the loweſt ſtay,
A happie Prime will make all whole againe,
Then deale the Cardes, and happy be his time,
That ſets his fortune on ſo fayre a Prime.

Enough of this, now let vs goe to Gleeke:
Fayre play, and ſquare, lett's haue no falling out:
Looke to your hand, and haue no braines to ſeeke:
For dotage often comes home with a flout:
And euermore this obſeruation make,

But let mee see, who speakes vnto the Rufie?
Who vies it? he that hath the happiest suit:
But packe no Cardes, for that deserues the cuffe,
And euer let the standers by bee mute:
For many a time, a blinde and simple eye,
May loose much money by the standers by.

But deale the cardes, a mournivall of Aces,
Welcome poore spots that makes the Players rich,
And better welcome then those painted faces,
That lay a Lordship in a durty ditch:
But what? are all the stakes vp? then away,
And let vs fall vpon some other play.

Giue ouer Gleeke, a set or two at Maw:
The Knaue fiue fingers, and the Ace of Harts:
It was a Clowne that first d:sui'sd the law,
That Pesants so should come to play their parts,
And baseneese so about the Game should bring,
A knaue should take the stake vp from the king.

And truth to tell, I cannot well disgest,
These heaues and helpes, and suings after losse,
For when the game sometimes is at the best,
A bageage carde may hap to come a crosse,
And make the Ganister fret, and sweare and curse,
leaue him neuer a penny in his purse.

Then let vs leaue this Mawe, and goe to Ruffe:
Honour the King, the Queene, and the Knaue too:
But yet mee seemes it smelles of Countrey stuffe;
A Knight, vnto a Knaue should honour doe,
Yet, if the Cardes such fortune him allot,
If that it be his due, denie him not.

But, for I see, some hidden note doth rest,
Of base Ambition in a Peasants pride:
To giue a Knaue such honour though in iest,
I meane at Cardes, when Trompe is on his side,
Cast vp the Cardes, the Trickes together put:
And leauing Ruffe, lets fall vpon New Cut.

New Cut, indeede, lets see no iugling Cut,
But he that hits the game vpon the head,
May in his bagge the money closely put,
While other Gamsters may goe bare to bed:
But, whatsoeuer Carde you play vpon,
Take heede of going out, for then all's gone.

So farewell New Cut, and to bee you pleasde,
A prety game to get into the hole:
Loose a good Carde, and by an Ace bee easde,
A lingring sport, the last man winnes the gole:
A prety note, for many an eye to make,
Who holdes out longest beares away the stake.

But leauing Cardes, lett's goe to diee awhile,
To Paſſage, Treitrippe, Hazarde or Mumchaunce:
But ſubtill Mates vvill ſimple mindes beguile:
And blinde their eyes with many a blincking glaunce:
Oh, cogges and ſtoppes, and ſuch like diueliſh triekes,
Full many a purſe of golde and ſiluer pickes.

And therefore firſt, for hazard, hee that liſt,
And paſſeth not, puts many to a blancke:
And trippe without a Treye makes had I wiſt
To ſitte and mourne among the ſleepers ranke.
And for Mum-chance, how ere the chance doe fall,
You muſt be mum for feare of marring all.

But ſince I ſee that both at Cardes and Dice,
There is ſuch cogging, ſtopping, curting, ſtaking,
Where poore Repentance payes ſo deare a prize,
For want of wit, in idle wantons liking:
I care not, if I quite giue ouer play:
And ſet my wits to worke ſome other way.

Then let vs goe to gardning, planting, ſowing,
And turning vp of paſture grounds for graine:
But in fowle weather hearbes may haue ill growing,
And in fat groundes, ill weedes grow vp amaine,
And many a time doth many a poore man ſurde
[illegible]eld of come all blaſted with a winde.

Then leaue the Plough, and take the Merchants trade,
And set our fortunes vpon ebbes and floods;
Alas, a poore colde reckening will bee made,
When Seas or Pirats swallow vp the goods,
And hee that sets his state vpon a winde,
May looke before, and see his haps behind.

What? shall we then be Lawyers? out alas,
It is a fearefull clogge of conscience,
To see a poore man from his right to passe,
When in the proofe of truthes experience,
A quitidy, a quirke, a word, a point,
May put a long-ioyed title out of ioynt. *See Hamlet.*

Shall wee be Souldiers then? but, to what end?
Vnchristian comfort is the fruit of blood:
Better keepe inward with a faithfull friend,
Then purchase foes for any priuate good:
And better pray that quarrels all may cease,
And say, God saue the holders vp of peace.

What? shall wee then be Gallants? and go gaye?
Liue easily, feede, and sit, and sleepe or talke,
Or study, how to throw our wealth away?
Or with a wanton make an idle walke?
No, thinke vpon the Prouerbe often tolde,
A careless Courtier, a beggar olde.

What? ſhall wee then be Scholars? plie our bookes?
Alas, poore learning hath but little Grace:
And, wee that want the golde and ſiluer hookes,
Shall hardly hit vpon a happy place,
Yet let vs loue all holy heauenly lines,
And wiſh them honour that are true Diuines.

What? ſhall wee then be men of Art and Skill,
And by our Phiſicke to preferments clime?
No, a miſtaken or diſtempered pill,
May bring a man to death before his time,
Yet, let vs loue all Noble Studients
That cure, but doe not kill their Patients.

What? ſhall wee then goe learne to play and ſing,
And ſtudy Muſicke in a merry Note?
No, heauy ſtraines doe come from that hearts ſtring,
That makes a liuing of a Liuery coat:
Yet, let vs loue thoſe Angelike ſweet voyces,
Whoſe ſiluer ſoundes, the ſorry heart reioyces.

What? ſhall wee then become cloſe Alkemiſts,
And ſtudy the Philoſophers faire ſtone?
Oh no, I ſee a ſight of had I wiſts,
Doe weepe for ſiluer when their gold is gone:
Hoope Noddy, neuer was there ſuch an other,
To make a Coſen of a ſimple brother.

What ſhall we then doe? ſomewhat muſt bee done,
Of Idleneſſe comes nought but Ignorance:
The Ditchers daughters and the Hedgers ſonne,
Muſt make no marriage at a Morris daunce:
But if that ſhee can ſowe, and he can reape,
The Rie may hap to make a prety heape.

But to the purpoſe: What ſhall we goe doe?
Make loue, and learne to tell a lye by Art:
Oh no, it is an idle thing to wooe,
And, on an eye to throw away a hart:
It ſhewes, the braine lyes ill within the head,
That workes all day to bring a foole to bed.

Yet, let vs thinke on ſomething for our good,
The world proteſteth againſt Idleneſſe:
The Cuckowe findes a meanes to hatch her broode,
Although ſhee cheate the Sparrowes ſimpleneſſe.
But, ſince that Nature ſo her courſe hath runne,
It is no matter, it muſt needes be done.

By laughing, now there is but little got:
Iefters and Iuglers may goe walke the Fayre:
Beggers are lookt at, as men knew them not,
The yonger brother ſeldome prooues the heyre,
And yet ſometimes it doth vnhapply hit:
The heyre a foole, the yonger hath the wit,

What ſhall wee then? turne fooles when all is done;
Laugh, weare long coates, and ſing, and eate fat meate:
Follow my Maſter, dandle his young ſonne,
And tell my Miſtreſſe, who the foole did beate,
That ſhee may chide her wenches euery one,
For medling with her foole, when ſhee was gone.

Or, ſhall we turne braue Pirats? ſcoure the Seas,
And robbe, and kill, and drowne, or hang at laſt:
Oh no, that courſe doth not mine humour pleaſe,
Of all conceites, I like no halter caſt:
For in the end, this fortune followes them,
The Sea, the Gallowes, or hell ſwallowes them.

What ſhall wee then doe? ſpeake once like a Dogge,
Shall wee turne Poets? proue Satiricall?
And call an Aſſe, an Aſſe, a Hogge, a Hogge?
Say holla, horſe, and to a Iade, ho Ball:
Be libell knaues, and fooles vnto their faces.
Oh no, I loue no pleading in ſuch caſes.

What? ſhall we then turne Brokers, Vſurers?
And ſtrippe the needy to their naked skinnes,
Or ſecret Bribers, or Extortioners?
Oh no, God bleſſe vs from ſuch diueliſh ſinnes.
What? ſhall wee then bee Colliers? digge for Coles?
Oh no, great dangers are in durty holes.

What ſhall wee then doe? vve muſt not bee idle;
Goe teach a Spaniell, how to fetch a Ducke:
Or how to ride a Colte without a bridle;
Or a young Nurſe, to giue a Baby ſucke?
Oh no, theſe are but idle toyes and trifles,
And there is nothing to be got with Niſles.

Write Epitaphes vpon the death of dogges?
And ſay, here lyes a good olde ſucking Curre;
Cut ruſty faces out of rotten logges:
And of an Owles skinne, make an Ape a furre?
Or teach a Birde to whiſtle in a Cage.
Or beare a Bride Cuppe at a marriage?

Or ſing new Ballads? or make country games;
Or ſet vp ſights were neuer ſeene before?
Make Epigrams or Anagrams of names;
Or learne the healing of a feſtred ſore?
Learne any practiſe that may gather pelfe:
But if thou loue me, doe not hang thy ſelfe.

Bring vp a Cat to hunt a Mouſe drie foote,
Or teach a Squirrell how to clime a reede,
A Skarre crow in a garden how to ſhoote,
Or a blinde Harper, how a long to reade:
Or how a flea may ſcape the fingers ends,
Or how a lowſe may liue among his friends.

But, canſt thou do no good with cats and dogs?
Turne Ratcatcher, and lay for rats and mice:
For, tis but idle to goe fiſh for frogs,
And beggars get but little by their lice:
And Pandariſmeis ſo poore a trade,
That none but beggers bargaine for a Iade.

But, doe not bite ſo ſoftly, make them ſmart,
Tell Iohn a Nodds he is no Gentleman:
And giue the Rogue the whippe, the Whore the cart,
And turne the foole to his Maide Marian:
And tell the Hobby horſe he is an Aſſe,
And old Tom Piper but an Owliglaſſe.

And tell the Wittoll, that doth weare the horne,
Hee is a Raſcall, bee he neere ſo rich.
And Iilian Iuſtice in her proudeſt ſcorne,
Iane Shore her ſiſter, dyed but in a ditch:
And Iacke a Lent that lookes aboue the Moone,
His breakefaſt hath beene brought him after noone.

Tell Tom a Lin, that holdes the world with tales,
A Ieſter, and a Iacke, are coſen Iarmines:
And he that trades for nuts, muſt take the ſhales:
And Coney-keepers muſt lay trappes for vermines:
And hee that goes a fiſhing for a Flooke,
[illegible] doe not looſe his hooke.

And when the painted Image of ill thought,
Shall see how Age shall shrinell vp her skinne,
And shee shall see her cunning come to nought:
When nature was but nourisht vp with sinne:
Oh, in what fright will her poore spirit dwell,
When shee shall serue for Kitchin stuffe in hell.

And when the Bawde that fils the golden bagges,
But with the fruit of Natures excrements,
Shall at her death behold those rotten ragges,
That shall become her richest ornaments,
How will her spirits fret, and ban and curse,
When shee shall serue to be the Diuels nurse.

And so good Dogge, lie downe and take thy rest,
The beggers all are going home to bed:
Each little birde is nuzling in her nest:
And euery horn'd beast ginnes to cast the head,
And euery Mowse into her hole is gone,
And thou hast little left to thinke vpon.

For if it bee, as I doe hope it is,
The world is come vnto a happy passe:
Kindnesse lets no man know what thing is his:
The Horse is growne so inward with the Asse,
And loue is growne so great twixt friend and friend,
That no man [illegible]

The coaſt is cleare, there are no knaues abroad,
The Cuckowe huſht, and cannot ſing a note:
The Owle is hid within the Iuy todde,
And lacke a Lent hath caſt his liuely cote,
The Miller gone to the Market with his Mare,
And cleanely wenches quickly ſell their hayre.

There is no ſwearing now, but yea and nay,
And Conſcience now determines euery caſe:
And charity is ſo in euery way,
That euery Begger dare to ſhew his face:
And beauty is ſo courteous, and ſo kinde:
That euery man for money knowes her mind.

And honeſty is wondrouſly beloued;
And ſimple Truth is holde a bleſſed ſoule;
And patience almoſt euery where approued:
And vertue writ vp in a heauinly rowle,
And Time ſo well imployde to profites vſe,
That where no fault is; there needes no excuſe.

The rich men loue to heare the poore mens prayers,
And poore men loue to take the rich mens pence:
The wiſe and learned ſit in iudgements chaires:
And thieues and murtherers hangs for their offence,
And men and women doe [illegible] agree,
[illegible]

Tell William Woodcocke with his winking eyes,
Hee is a foole for all his shew of wit:
And Lawrence Lobcocke, that he prates and lies
Of his pied Beagle, and his Sorell Titte:
And David Dogbolt, with his boasting brags,
The Hangman is his Tayler for his Ragges.

Tell Peter Pudding, with his paltry stuffe,
His wealth is all but in a Pedlers packe:
And Saunder Huffecappe, with his Ruffe and Snuffe,
The Tinkers boy is but a bragging lacke,
And Sinior Spruse, that smoothes it like a Bride,
He makes himselfe the laughing stocke of pride.

Tell Captaine Tospot with his Tarletons cut,
His swaggering will not get him sixereene pence:
And Susan Slapsauce, shee is but a slut:
For all her powder of experience,
And Stabbing Stinckard with his minsing mouse,
The Hangman meetes him at the Sessions house.

Tell Slouenista that doth lie and sleepe,
Hee breedes but filthy blood to fatten fleas:
And drunken Dicke that layes his braines in steepe,
The dropsie is a horrible disease,
And Barnaby that olde bawdy Squire,
A cuppe of sacke, [illegible] his Nose on fire.

Tell Ragge a Muffin that doth rap out oathes,
The Cutpurſe ſweares to keepe him company:
When Tiburne ſhall vncaſe them of their clothes,
And make an end of all their villany,
While olde Madge Howlat, and yong Mawkin Spooner
Will weepe for ſorrow, they were hangde no ſooner.

And tell olde Gregory with his grumbling chappes,
Hee ſhall not beare a penny to his graue:
And if hee doe not, looke to after claps:
Hee may happe know, what tis to be a knaue:
When hee ſhall lie in deadly gripes and grones,
To ſee the diuell come to gnaw his bones.

And tell fine princking Parnell of Pickt hatch,
The Surgeon ſayes, that ſhe is paſt all cure:
And though ſhee couſned a poore ſilly patch,
To bring a buzard to a baudy lure:
Yet now, both towne and country knowes her trickes,
Shee may goe ſeeke the hedge for rotten ſtickes,

And tell olde *Tibbe*, that dwells in Turnhole ſtreet,
Her name hath beene in Bridewell long agoe;
And for her breath it is ſo pockie ſweet,
That all her teeth are rotten on a roe:
And for her tongue the Clarke of Clarken well,
Shee ſhall bee ſent for, for chiefe ſcold in hell.

And tell that ilfac't whore of Iſlington,
Shee poyſons all that come but neere her breath,
And brings a world vnto confuſion:
For, who comes neere her, comes vpon his death,
And if he ſcape the plague the poxe will haue him,
And if the diuell take him who ſhall ſaue him.

Tell ſhamefac't ſheepes head with his rubies bluſh,
He cannot make a curtſie handſomely:
And, all his Rethoricke is not worth a Ruſh,
Becauſe he tels his tale ill-fauouredly:
And, for his miſtreſſe, ſhe can not abide him,
Becauſe ſhe ſees the foole ſo often ride him.

And, tell the Pander that doth purchaſe lands,
Out of the luſt of filthy lechery;
When, he ſhall fall into the Deuils hands:
To feele the venome of loues trechetie:
Beſmeard all with the excrements of nature:
Hee ſhall in hell, be the moſt horride creature.

And tell the Lecher that doth take delight,
To ferret all day at a Coney hole:
And makes the night his day, the day his night,
When lacke of warmth ſhall make him blow the cole,
After the poxe hath heere conſumde his bones:
His ſoule ſhall liue in . . . laſting grones.

Tell Clownifista with his clowted shoes,
His cobling craft will proue him but a knaue,
When that his nose is in the Deuils noose,
His soule in hell shall serue but for a slaue,
Within the sincke of all the filth of sinne,
To dig vp holes to throw the damned in.

And tell the ouerglutted Epicure,
Whose ease delighteth but in fat and froth,
When he in hell shall hourely toyle endure,
And haue his wages in vnwholesome broth.
When boyling leade shall doe his guts no good,
When hee shall starue or gnawe his flesh for food.

Be sullen, loure, and skowle at knaues, and fooles,
That walking come by thee like men of worth:
And send the scoldes vnto the cucking stooles:
And bring the beggers with their wallets foorth:
And sweepe the streetes from all the chearing mates,
And take heed of the horne beasts in the gates.

Runne all about among the rascall people,
And beat the beggers from the rich mens doores,
And goe from Charing Crosse vnto *Paules* steeple,
And clense the streetes of all the knaues and whores,
Kill all the dogges for feare of the infection,
And send the idle roagues vnto [illegible] rection.

Scour

Scoure all the coasts, Kent street and Clarken well,
Wapping, East Smithfield, Chicklane & Turnhole street
Pickthatche, the Spittle, Shorditch, and Halliwell;
And all the by-lanes where the Baudes doe meet:
And Tuttill street, S. Giles and Islington:
And make a steppe ouer to Newington,

All scolding Alles, and such scruuey places;
And take them as thou find'st them euery where:
Bring out the Punkes with all their pockie faces,
The purple, tawnie, round and russet haire,
Set vp a stake, and bring the Refuse thether,
And make a Bonefire of them all together.

Make much of none, but true kind hearted wenches,
That would be honest, if they could tell how,
But meddle with no great ones on their benches,
For feare of worse hurt then a broken brow:
Yet if thou see'st a knacke of knauery goe
Thinke what thou list, although thou say not so.

Barke at a Traytor, fawne not on a theefe,
Tell them the halter hangs right in their way:
And tell the Butcher when hee buyes his beefe,
The hornes may helpe to make the hide away,
And watch the least good fortune may befall,
For greedy hounds will haue the deuill and all.

Or, with *Diogenes*, goe seeke and see,
If by a Lanthorne, and a Candle light:
Thou canst finde out where there may hidden be:
One honest man from wicked wordlings sight:
Or make a Suruey of old *Timons* trees:
Whether the pockie vvhores haue payde their fees.

Rayle at the world, and hate it to the death,
And say it is but patience Purgatory:
A cankred mouth that giues a cursed breath:
That sounds but sorrow, death, and misery:
Where he that can in his best sence conceiue it:
Thinkes himselfe neuer happy, till hee leaue it.

But for the vertuous, eyther high or low:
Honour and loue them, though thou dost not know thē:
But for the vitious, let the villaines goe:
Downe to the hell, a blast of whirlewinde blow them:
Yet vvish them not to hell, but somewhat better:
Although thou knowest they be the Hangmans debter.

Fret till the flesh bee bare vnto the bones,
To see thy spirit so thy body spend:
Sigh, sob, and swell, with such deepe inward grones,
As heart would burst, to see thou canst not mend:
Not mend a slender hurt, nor little paine:
But heart all broke, that cannot heale againe,

Bite hard thy lippes, and ſhake thy troubled head,
And grate thy teeth vntill thy gummes doe bleede:
And looke as lumpiſh as a peece of lead,
And ſpeake to no man, but to ſerue thy neede,
Walke by thy ſelfe, and ſeeke no company,
And hate the thought of helliſh villanie.

For, let rich *Midas* bee a golden aſſe,
And like a toade, a dogged tyrant ſwell:
And *Iudas* with his poyſoned ſpirit paſſe,
With all the curſed damned crue to hell:
Loue thou thy God, and for the godly pray:
And ſo, with all the world make holy day.

If that thou ſee a Begger grow to wealth,
Marke how he gets it, and ſo giue him grace:
If honeſtly, regarde him, if by ſtealth
Of villany, wiſh him a viler place,
And yet alas, in charitie pray for him:
Hell may not haue him, though the heauens abhor him.

And put on patience, for it is but vaine
To fret and fume, and chafe, and play the foole:
Let vs goe fall vpon ſome finer ſtraine,
And bring our wits vnto ſome better ſchoole:
Entreat a little, it may breede good blood,
See if fayre words will bring the world to good.

Entreat all knaues to turne, all honeſt men,
And honeſt men they will be honeſt ſtill:
Entreat no Cocke to treade his neighbours henne:
But let the Turtles kindly ſit and bill:
Entreat the Tinker, better ſtop his holes,
And Grim the Colier giue vs better coles,

Entreat the ſhepheard that doth ſheare his ſheepe,
Hee will not clip too low, to cut the skinne:
And bid his woman that ſhee doe not weepe,
Becauſe the mouſe hath beene within her Binne:
Her husband will not feele it in his purſe,
And ſift the meale, the bread is neere the worſe.

Entreat the Geeſe and Ganders hold their peace,
There is not one wiſe word among them all:
And all the alley ſcoldes, their brawling ceaſe,
For tis a filthy thing to ſcolde and brawle:
And all fayre wenches that are beauties flowrſe,
They will not be the Deuils Paramours.

Intreat the Aſſes for to leaue their braying,
The Peacocke that he will not ſtoupe his tayle:
And mad young wenches for to leaue their maying:
The milke mayde that ſhee looke vnto her payle:
The Stallion horſe, hee doe not beat the mare,
And greedy houndes they doe not kill the hare.

Now fie on fooles cap, heere's a diſh of drinke,
To choke a dogge, let all theſe toyes alone:
Let vs our ſelues of ſomewhat elſe bethinke,
That yet may doe ſome good when all is gone:
That though our bodies out of frame are growne,
Our ſpirits yet may not be ouerthrowne.

Then let vs leaue the world and go to Church,
And turne all Preachers true and holy men?
And while the Knaue doth giue the foole the lurch,
And plotters write, with an vngodly penne:
Let vs deliuer by the word of truth,
The way to heauen, both vnto age and youth.

Yea, let vs reade the rules of ſacred life,
Perſwade the troubled ſoule to patience:
The husbands care, and comfort to the wife:
The childe and ſeruant, due obedience,
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace,
That loue may liue, and ſuites at law may ceaſe.

Pray for the health of all that are diſeaſed,
Confeſſion vnto all that are conuicted:
And patience vnto all that are diſpleaſed,
And comfort vnto all that are afflicted,
And mercy vnto all that haue offended,
And Grace to all, that all may be amended.

Pray for the King, the Queene, and Countries health,
Their royall Issue, and their Peeres of State;
The Councell, Clergy, and the common wealth,
That no misfortune may their blisse abate,
But that th'almighty to his Church will cherish,
That not a member of his loue may perish.

To King and Queene giue Rights of Royalty,
And for their vertues giue them worthy prayse;
Grace to the Prince, the Subiect loyalty,
That all together may haue happy dayes.
The Councell wisdome, and the Commons wealth,
The vertuous honour, and the gracious health.

In vaine against all vile iniquity,
But chide the sinner with no bitter checke;
But so perswade him with such pietie,
That on the blocke, he may lay downe his necke,
And at the stroke of death such comfort finde,
As mercy gives to a repentant mind.

Come by the proude with Lucifers great fall,
And lay downe *Dinah* at the vnchast dore,
The irreligious with the life of *Paul*,
Who once conuerted, neuer fell no more,
The painted face with wicked *Iezabel*,
And the rich Churle with *Diues* deepe in hell.

Come

Come by the fine, but fond conceited wit,
With *Herods* and in all his Eloquence:
And tell the frantick in a furious fit,
Of curſed *Saul*, in his impatience,
With *Ananiah*, touch ill conſcience,
And bribing hands with *Iudas* thirty pence.

Come by the Iudge that giues Iniuſtice doome,
With *Pilats* feare of *Cæſar*, more then God:
And bid the Tyrant looke on *Neroes* toombe,
Whoſe fleſh in earth with wormes doth make abode:
While deepe in hell, his ſoule doth feele the ſmart
Of a proud Tirants bloody wicked hart.

Tell them that murmure at heauens Maieſty,
Of *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abirams* death:
And finely touch the tongue of blaſphemie,
With huge *Goliah* in his helliſh breath:
And bid the murtherer looke on *Abels* blood,
When teares nor prayers, *Caine* did any good.

And tell the powerfull in their higheſt place,
That mercy is the grace of maieſty:
And from the poore the proud that turne their faces,
Shall finde the fruits of their Impiety.
When deafened helliſh eares, and blinded eyes,
Will ſee no teares, nor heare the damned cries.

Allure the world to charitable loue,
And ſhew the comfort of a chriſtian peace:
And ſeeke the ſweetneſſe in the ſoule to proue:
How patience, vertue makes all paſſions ceaſe,
In humble, faithfull, carefull, conſtant, kinde,
Set downe the notes of a true noble mind.

Bid virgins follow all the Virgin *Mary*:
And men their Maſter Chriſt in all his merits:
And men and women all their ſelues ſo carry,
That they may ſhew true hearts and chriſtian ſpirits,
In mildeneſſe, meekeneſſe, and loues lowlineſſe,
Set dovvne the notes of natures happineſſe.

Giue beauty warning of a wanton eye,
And riches warning of a wretched mind:
And Honour warning of Indignity,
And aged eyes from being Cupid blinde:
And power a warning of the fall of pride,
And pray, the gracious may in grace abide.

And ſhew the curſes threatned vpon ſinne,
The bleſſings on obedience vnto grace:
And how the curſed here their hell beginne,
Whoſe teares nor prayers in mercy haue no place:
And how the bleſſed heere beginne to taſt
The ioyes of heauen that ſhall for euer laſt.

Wiſh

Wish euery King to haue King *Dauids* heart,
And euery Queene, the Queen of Shebas wit:
And euery Councell, *Salomons* best part
Of vnderstanding, for a kingdome fitte,
And euery Lady, fayre *Rebeccas* face,
And euery Virgin, the wise Virgins grace.

And euery Souldier, *Iosuahs* true spirit,
And euery Scholer *Aarons* Eloquence,
And euery Miser, wicked *Dines* merit:
And euery poore man *Iobs* true patience,
And euery Lawyer *Moises* heauenly mind,
And euery Marchant of *Zachaus* kind.

Doe not with *Esau* him of Venison,
And sell thy birthright for a messe of pouage:
Lest *Iacob* steale away thy Benison
When *Isaac* fals vpon the yeares of dotage:
But be a *Ioseph* in the time of need
To good olde *Iacob*, and his blessed seed.

Be *Abraham* in his sonnes sacrifice,
And follow *Lot* in his loues holinesse,
Like *Salomon* be in thy iudgement wise,
And *Ionathan* in friendships faithfulnesse,
Like *Henoch* make thy life of heauenly loue,
And with *Elias* liue in heauen aboue.

Be both a Priest, a Prophet, and a King,
A Priest to make thy heart a sacrifice,
A Prophet to declare the way to bring
The blessed Spirit vnto Paradise,
A King, to rule thy selfe with such direction,
Thy soule may keepe thy body in subiection.

Oh kill not Conscience with a cruell letter,
Yet let the Atheist haue but little hope:
And count the false Professor little better,
That for dissembling doth deserue the rope,
For cleanely Cookes doe know it is a truth,
That filthy water makes vnwholesome broth.

And make no monster member of the Church,
Nor take ill counsell of *Achitophel*:
Nor let illusion giue thy soule the lurch,
To leade thy heart into the sinke of hell,
Teach humble loue, hate all ambitious pride,
And shrowde thy vertues vnder Graces side.

And diet not with *Holofernes* drinke,
But ioyne with *Iudith* in her ioyfull strength,
Let *Dalila*, not make stout *Sampson* winke,
Lest the Philistines fall on thee at length,
No *Salomon* be led by *Pharaohs* child,
Lest by the flesh, the spirit be beguilde.

Know, what and when, and where, and how to speake
Bee fearefull, how thou doest thy God offend:
A vertuous vow, take heede thou doest not breake,
And Mercies pleasure, patiently attend:
Loue no man for his purse, nor for his place:
But for his wit, his vertue, and his grace.

Be wisely carefull, but not couetous,
For Conscience worme, will make a mortall wound,
And be deuout, but not Idolatrous:
For, that both soule and body will confound:
Be kindly louing, but not lecherous,
For that in nature is most impious.

To idle things accustome not thy thought,
And tremble at the word of Blasphemy:
With vaine perswasions, be not ouerwrought,
And keepe thy tongue from wicked Infamy:
Hold backe thy hand from all vnlawfull action,
And weane thy Spirit from vngodly faction.

Care not to reade, except to vnderstand,
And let thy learning teach thee how to liue:
With perfect care let euery course be scand,
And spare to spend, that thou mayest haue to giue,
Thinke no man happy on this earthly Stage,
Where death and sorrow, make a marriage.

Pric not into the faults of priuate men,
To lay them open to their vtter shame;
Nor strike a dart with a false deadly penne,
To kill the credit of an honest name;
And for the simple vse no subtill traines,
But pitty the afflicted in their paines.

Flatter not folly with an idle faith,
Nor let earth stand vpon her owne desart;
But shew what wisdome in the scripture saith,
The fruitfull hand doth shew the faithfull hart,
Beleeue the Word, and thereto bend thy will,
And teach obedience for a blessed skill.

Let not the beauteous, nor the rich be proud,
Nor aged wanton, nor the youthfull wilde:
For in the rules of Grace, tis not allow'd,
And graceles harts, are all from heauen exild:
Let valour not be cruell, witte vnkinde,
Nor base conceits corrupt a noble mind.

But do not raue, nor raile, nor stamp nor stare,
As if thy care would go to cuffes with sinne:
But shew how mercy doth repentance spare,
Whilest working faith doth heau'nly fauour winne,
And Loues obedience to the law doth proue,
The chosen soule, that God doth chiefly loue.

Chide sinners, as the Father doth his childe,
And keepe them in the awe of louing feare:
Make sinne most hatefull, but in words be nice,
That humble patience may the better heare;
And wounded conscience may receyue reliefe,
When true repentance pleades the sinners griefe.

Throw not the sinner headlong to damnation,
Nor fright the faithfull with a curfed feare;
But winne Repentance vnto Reformation,
And teach the Christian, how his crosse to beare,
Giue comfort in thy Cares instruction,
To saue the faithfull from the soules destruction.

Heale the Infect of sinne with oyle of grace,
And wash the soule with true contritions teares,
And when Confession shewes her heauy case,
Deliuer faith from all Infernall feares,
That when high Iustice threatens sinne with death,
Mercy againe, may giue Repentance breath.

Yet flatter not the fowle delight of sinne,
But make it loathsome in the eye of loue;
And seeke the heart with holy cares to winne,
To worke the best way for the soules behoue:
So teach, so liue, that both in word and deed,
The world may [illegible]

Time hath a course, that Nature cannot stay,
For youth must die, or come to doting age:
What is our life on earth? but as a play,
Where many a part doth come vpon the Stage,
Rich, poore, wise, fond, fayre, fowle, and great, and small
And old, and young, death makes an end of all.

Where hee that makes his life a Comedy,
To laugh and sing, and talke away the Time:
Shall finde it in the end a Tragedie,
When mournefull bells, will make no merry chime,
When sad despayre shall scare infernall euill,
While Sinne and death, are Agents for the Deuill.

Oh when the rich, and greedy Miser dies,
While fearefull visions will his soule affright?
And keepe his heart in hellish miseries,
To looke vpon so many a fearefull sight,
When Pride, oppression, Auarice and Theft,
Of hope, of mercy, hath the soule bereft.

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And when the Murtherer that delights in blood,
Shall feele his heart to haue a mortall wound:
And grieues to looke vpon ill gotten good,
While guilty conscience runnes his care a ground:
What will hee doe? when truth his soule shall tell,
A murthers blood shall make a broth in hell.